

THE
Boys Whipt Home:

OR, A

RHYTHME

UPON THE

Apprentices Poem, &c.

13. Aug. 1681

What against Nature! 'Prentice Poets
too?

The Laurel Ravish'd by such things as you!
See how she fades, and shrinks from *your command*:

Plant-Animal! she flies your Artless hand.

Long since she hated Noise and sooty smells,

And in serene and quiet Champions dwells:

The heavenly *Muses* scorn to be confin'd

Within the Limits of a servile Mind:

Their thoughts are *boundless*, as the Ætherial Sky,

And born by wing'd Imagination, fly

Above the reach of those that trembling stand,

Beneath the Terror of a *Masters Hand*.

Poor Boys! Just from *A-B-C* Whippings come,

That scarce secure from *Atkins* fate, their Bum:

At a Cit's Table now preferr'd to wait,

With Looks demure, to change a Greasie Plate;

Where they've pick'd up some *Tory-Scraps* of State

From the Grave Softness of their *Masters Pate*.

Huge Politicians grown of mickle might!

Champions Equip'd to Fight, to Write, to Sh—

If

If Master gives 'um leave; shut Cupboard too
A Mouse will do as much as they can do.

Poor Boys! A brace of Bucks was made their cheer
To shew their Courage, Hearted like a Deere,
Whose spreading Horns foretel the future Fates
Their Wives shall fix upon their graver Pates.

Unhappy Youths! misguided by your Zeal,
Come mind your Shops, and not the Common-
weal.

To his most steady hand, who steers the Throne
Best, by that Sacred Judgment of his own:
Around whose Temples rests a blisful Crown,
Self guarded by the Powers of his Frown,
'Gainst all, but those insatiate Woolves of *Rome*
May *English* Mastiffs proove their hasty Doom.

But come Poor Boys, ye may in time be wise,
Despair not, there are better ways to Rise:
Follow your Trades, and you may chance to be,
Thought worthy of their Masters Pedigree:
His pretty modest Daughter hee'l bestow,
Which you're acquainted with before, or so:
To whom you've sung Ballad-obscenity
The very Zenith of your Poetry.)

When Shops shut down sitting on Jolted knee.]

Thus hopefully you'll rise, and time may place
An Aldermans upon your Beard-less Face:
Where grunting out scarce sence, 'tis understood
The Apothegme of the Brother-hood.

F I N I S.

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